







## Poetry.

## Saul of Tarsus.

From the Life of R. Treffrey.  
No trumpet was blown, as the gate they passed,  
Nor banner flung over their fierce array:  
But they rode like the breath of the desert blast,  
Fleecily and silently passing away;  
Yet many looked on that haughty man,  
Whose eyes was the star of the fiery van.

With frequent farts his cheek was paled,  
And there set a frown on his brow of pride;  
And scorn on his quivering lip prevailed,  
As he thought on the name of the crucified:  
And his heart was as hard as the steel of his spear,  
To the whispers of pity or the murmurs of fear.

On—on! the towers of Damascus are high,  
The secur'd Nazarenes are given to our hand:  
When lo! an ineffable blaze from on high  
Burst, sudden as thought on the hurrying band;  
And the glowing flood of that flashing light  
Dulls the cloudless sun in his noon-day height.

Vain is the speed of the startled horse,  
And vain is the force of the glittering spear;  
The scorpion hath ended his ruthless course;  
The Victor of Galilee triumphed here;  
And his words of mystic spirit appal  
The awe stricken heart of the prostrate Saul.

There is night on his eye, and remorse on his brow,  
As his sits in his chamber, helpless, alone;  
For the deeds we do up in his memory now—  
Can riches, or blood, or sorrow alone?  
Yet hope in fair promise the future arrays,  
For the Crucified pleads, and the Pharisee prays.

## Paul Preaching at Athens.

Suggested by the Cartoon of Raffaele.  
By MISS A. C. LYNCH.

Greece! hear that joyful sound,  
A stranger's voice upon thy sacred hill,  
Whose tones shall but the slumbering nations round,  
Wake with convulsive thrill.  
Athenians! gather there, he brings you words  
Brighter than all your boasted love affords.

He brings you news of one  
Above Olympian Jove. One in whose light  
Your gods shall fade like stars before the sun  
On your bewildered night.

That unknown God of whom ye darkly dream,  
In all his burning radiance shall beam.

Behold, he bids you rise  
From your dark world round that idol shrine,  
He points to him who reared your starry skies,  
And had your Phœbus shine.  
Lift up your sons from where in dust ye bow,  
That God of gods commands your homage now.

But brighter tidings still!  
He tells of one whose precious blood was spilt  
In lavish streams upon Judæa's hill,  
A ransom for your guilt,  
Who triumphed over the grave, and broke its chain,  
Who conquered death and hell, and rose again.

Sages of Greece! come near—  
Spirits of daring thought and giant mould;  
Ye questioners of time and nature, hear  
Mysteries before unfold!  
Immortal light revealed! light for which ye  
Have asked in vain your proud philosophy.

Searchers for some first cause!  
Midst doubt and darkness—lo! he points to One  
Where all your vaunted reason lost pause,  
And faint to think upon,  
That was from everlasting, that shall be  
To everlasting still, eternity.

Ye followers of him!  
Who deemed his soul a spark of Deity!  
Your fancies fade—your master's dreams grow dim  
To this reality.  
Stoic! unbend that brow, drink in that sound!  
Sceptic! dispel those doubts, the truth is found.

Greece! though thy sculptured walls  
Have with thy triumphs and thy glories rung,  
And through thy temples and thy pillared halls  
Immortal poets sung—  
No sounds like these have rent your startled air,  
They open realms of light and bid you enter there.

## Miscellaneous.

For the Christian Secretary.

## The Village Funeral.

Death, and the burial of the dead, are solemn events. But in the crowded city they are of such frequent occurrence that the minds of the multitude cease to be much affected by them. The busy throng can look upon the hearse even, bearing away one that had perhaps, while in life, daily mingled with them, with almost as much indifference as they would the passing of any other vehicle.

And also, in the burial of the great, as they are called, there is so much parade, pomp, and show, that the mind cannot but be diverted from the future, to the present. But the simplicity of a village funeral has ever seemed to me a season of deep, and I had almost said, of holy solemnity. One from among the village number is missed. Death comes to them as an frequent messenger, and they gather themselves together "with one accord," to mingle their sympathies with the bereaved, and mourn the absence of the departed. I was called, a few days since, to attend the funeral of a relative, in a beautiful and quiet village. As I drew near the house of the departed, a stillness and calm tranquility seemed to have stolen over nature itself, as if it would dispose the mind for reflection, and lead the thoughts away, upward to God himself. I dreading meeting with the bereaved husband, and seeing the motherless children, one of whom had been deprived of the companion of his youth, and the others of the tender guardian of their early and helpless years. But I found that in the husband's cup of bitterness there was mingled hope and joy. The wife and mother had departed in Christian triumph, and the change that to her, was so afflictive, was doubtless to her, one of joy unspeakable. In the midst of disease, and suffering, she safely confided in the rich promises of her covenant-keeping God, and his grace had been sufficient for her, even in the most trying hour. She had been enabled to leave her husband and children at his disposal, feeling that he would do all things well; and his gracious Spirit had been her light, and comfort, and guide, even unto death.

As we drew near the lonely grave, where her body was to be deposited, to await the morning of the resurrection, the religion of the cross seemed more sweet, more precious, more glorious, than ever. It kindled a hope, strengthened by faith, which pointed far away to that land where rests the saint from his pilgrimage, where death finds no entrance,—where sin has no dominion, but where dwell the redeemed and sanctified, singing the triumphal song, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord." As we returned to the lonely dwelling,

"I mourn not (said the husband) for the dead, but rather that I have lost a spiritual counsellor—one whom I seemed so much to have needed in assisting me to train these children for usefulness here, and happiness hereafter." "But the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." C. A. A.

## The Man and the Brute.

One of the best articles in the Christian Review for June, is an essay on infidelity, suggested by the republication, in this country, of Bishop Butler. It was written by the Editor. It contains the following paragraph, on a point of much interest.—Reflector.

If the soul of man were of the same nature and quality with the instinct of the brutes, it would correspond in its developments. The brute desires nothing above the demands of his body.

The soul of man has imperishable desires for things above the wants of the body. The brute can be cultivated to a certain extent, and never rises above that limit. The soul of man goes on, in its progress, from point to point, no limit having yet been set to its advancement. The brute is incapable of emotions relating to moral subjects. He knows nothing of moral distinction. Man's chief glory is in his capacity as an accountable agent.

The brute sees the face of the earth covered with food. Man is capable of viewing it clothed in a higher glory, enshrouded, and enveloped, and impregnated with the presence of God. If the soul were material, he that kills the body would also kill the soul. But there is something which man cannot touch. How striking, to this point, is that passage,—a classic text in disproof of infidelity,—"Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but fear him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him." Man, then, can only destroy the body.

There is something beyond, over which God has power, but over which man has no power,—a proof that the soul is immaterial; beyond the reach of the weapons of death,—a proof that it can neither be pierced, nor crushed, nor stunted, or broken in a morter, or consumed in the fire, and turned to ashes, and scattered on the winds, that which is the result of that particular organization of matter, rests unharmed.

Can that be a material result, which is not in the least degree affected by the accidents happening to the material cause in which it resides? If the body is, in any manner, the cause of the soul, when the cause ceases, must not the effect cease? But still says the sacred record, "Fear him which after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell."

## The Best Defender.

After all, there is no better shield than a good conscience. How the weapons of the wicked break when they strike it! How quiet he, who is thus protected, may be in the day of battle!

We say, "may be." But some good men worry themselves exceedingly when their good is evil spoken of, their motives misunderstood, their characters traduced, their actions maligned.—They lie awake at night, and get pale and thin, and sometimes they drop into the grave under the pen or tongue of slander, when a little more grace or considerable philosophy, would have taught them that bad men are seldom persecuted, and waits and pleads for it till he gets it. Does any one suppose that the publican smote on his breast and cried, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," from a sense of duty, and not rather from a conviction of sin, and a deep feeling of his need of mercy? And yet how many ask for mercy from a mere sense of duty. They have their reward, but they do not obtain mercy.

Some prayers proceed from a conviction of want, while there is no sense of want. The persons judge that they need the things they ask for, but they do not feel their need of them. Now, when they come from no deeper source than the understanding, are not heard. They must come from the heart. True prayer always originates in the heart. It is the heart's sincere desire. Or, as another has well described it, "It is a sense of want, seeking relief from God."

But there may be a sense of want, and yet no real desire for that which is adapted to the supply of the want. In that case the prayer, not being sustained by a corresponding desire in the heart, is not heard. There is no conflict here.

They lie awake at night, and get pale and thin, and sometimes they drop into the grave under the pen or tongue of slander, when a little more grace or considerable philosophy, would have taught them that bad men are seldom persecuted, and waits and pleads for it till he gets it.

Very good men spend their time and their talents, and their money even, in defending themselves against the aspersions of their enemies, and after they have fought the battle out and got the victory, they are not thought quite as well of by the public as they would have been had they suffered in peace the assaults of their foes.

Controversy brings out the weak as well as the strong points of character, and thus a man sinks in the esteem of some while he rises in that of others.

But he, who knows he is right and of whom the world knows he will not do wrong, never loses by keeping still while the small artillery of the jealous or malicious is playing at him.

This is a sublime advantage which right always has. It is better than a coat of mail or a giant's spear. It is both. It wards off the blow, and gives another. Silently but surely it does execution, and the man that has it on his side, is as sure of final victory, as the returning conqueror.

We can understand, on this principle, how a philosopher can be a martyr rather than make a fool of himself by admitting that the sun moves around the earth. He knows he is right, and while he will not quarrel with the ignorant for doubting his opinions, he will not abandon his to please them. He knows he is right, and it is easier to be drawn and quartered than to say he is mistaken when he is not.

But if this quiet adherence to right is an honor to a man of learning, how much more to a man of God. What loftier height can a good man wish to stand upon than on the consciousness of being right? He is safe there and admired, tho' hell roars at his feet.

The acclamations of angels cheer him, and the smile of God, like sunshine, breaks through the clouds upon him.

Then let the good man, the pastor, the officer,

the agent, all who are set to do work for others,

as well as Christians in the noiseless walks of life,

let them take heart when their names are cast out as evil, their virtues overlooked, their faults exaggerated, and their conduct censured. If they escape such trials, they must go to heaven.

Short of it, they will have them.

But when offenses come, be not cast down even ruffled. Perhaps you are to be blamed.

Search and see. If you are wrong, repent and reform.

If you are right, stick to it; but do not get into a passion. Be quiet, and slander itself will die of its own venom, as the caught serpent pierces itself with its deadly sting.

We repeat it, there is no better shield than a good conscience. This is an excellent doctrine to preach, and if all men would always practice upon it, the moral world would be saved the trouble of many a wordy war.

Nothing indeed can be more futile than even the most correct system of religious opinions, if our faith has no influence on the heart; and fails, therefore, to produce its legitimate consequence, a godly life and conversation. Every thing in Christianity is directed to practical purposes; and in the day of righteous retribution, it will only aggravate our condemnation to have heard, understood, and approved the word of the Lord, if we shall have persisted in refusing to follow its dictates.—J. J. Gurney.

As we drew near the lonely grave, where her body was to be deposited, to await the morning of the resurrection, the religion of the cross seemed more sweet, more precious, more glorious, than ever. It kindled a hope, strengthened by faith, which pointed far away to that land where rests the saint from his pilgrimage, where death finds no entrance,—where sin has no dominion, but where dwell the redeemed and sanctified, singing the triumphal song, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord." As we returned to the lonely dwelling,

## Why Prayer is not Heard.

There are some who are not at all interested in this inquiry. They offer no prayer. They are in their case nothing to be heard. They are content with the things which are to be had without asking. Such are in a bad way, and I suspect they sometimes themselves think so. That dependent creatures should habitually and devoutly acknowledge their dependence before God; and that needy creatures, whose necessities return every day, and indeed recur with every moment, should ask God to supply them, is too reasonable a thing for men to neglect it, and yet is spent for that which is not bread.

On this subject it is most painful to see and feel the backwardness of many who are even standard bearers in other reforms. They offer you headaches and heart-aches in the shape of reddish and brownish liquids, in beautiful cut glass, as if such things were the choicest luxuries, and cap the climax by *pitifuling* you for not swallowing the pain! I shall give you some statistics on this subject when I have had time to collect them, and some attempt at describing the breweries.

LIBERALITY TO THE JEWS.—The Jewish Chronicle, N. Y., copies from "The Jewish Intelligence" for May, a London periodical published by the Society for the melioration of the Jews, the following item:—

"Having the curiosity to ascertain the sum total contributed to this single Society, from March 20 to the close of the accounts for the year ending March 30, 1844," we found it to amount to 9351 £s. 8d. precisely, or about \$45,000 in ten days!

This was a noble gift, and worthy the meritorious cause for which it was contributed.

One of the speakers at the late annual meeting

in New York, of the American Society for meliorating the condition of the Jews, (Rev. Dr. De Witt,) asked, "And what is America doing?"

"And what are American Christians doing?"

We can answer this question in figures, from

the Treasurer's account as contained in the Annual Report; where we find that the sum of \$1,903 28 were received into the treasury from all sources during the year! A meagre sum in contrast with that above quoted from the "Intelligence," and poor, indeed, when compared with the greatness of the cause.—*Bap. Record.*

AFFAIRS OF ITALY.—The public mind is in a good degree turned towards Italian affairs, in the present disturbed state of feeling among the inhabitants, and the news from that country will be received and read with interest.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM CORFU.

"We have received news of a most lively interest from Trieste, under the date of the 15th April. The seed of resistance to the religious and political absolutism of the Holy See, which has been for a long time creeping amongst the Italian clergy, and which the Roman court endeavor by all means to suppress and conceal, has acquired in these latter times a public and imposing character. The number of secular and regular clergy arrested for preaching against the actual political and religious system is stated to be not less than 70. On the other hand, then, every thing is done to it by conscience. As a privilege, they have not even a name on value on the side of the revolutionaries throughout the Peninsula. The Austrian government has deemed it necessary to put Venice in a state of *quasi* siege. Its garrison has been increased to 11,000 men. One frigate is constantly and openly kept with her guns turned against the city. Defections in the Austrian army still continue. In these latter days twenty Italian and Hungarian officers are said to have disappeared from the corps in which these two nations serve promiscuously.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

FROM THE KARENS.—Bro. Bennett writes from Tavoy, the 8th of last Feb.: "Last Sabbath I had the pleasure of baptizing fourteen Kares, mostly young people, though a man and his wife, who are very influential were among the number. In the afternoon we assembled to celebrate the death and sufferings of our dear Redeemer,—present 167 communicants. The collection for the missionary Society was about 52 rupees, some 6 rupees more than it was last year. On Monday we went on the elephant up the North branch of the Tenasserim, where the man and his wife, who were baptized, and where we found a new zayat, in which were assembled in the evening 51 natives to hear the gospel. The next day we left, and came on our way home. As we were forced to encamp out one night, soon after our tent was pitched, and the two elephants had been turned out to graze, a tiger was heard not far from us, which set our camp in motion for a while. But as we stopped with our party, where another going into the jungle had encamped, we were a pretty strong party, some 20 or 30, and no evil occurred. Found all well on our return.—Brn. Mason, and Vinton also arrived last night from Pye Khy, to the south of us, where they have been holding a meeting with the Kares, and have baptized 43 Kares. Thus you see our labours are not altogether in vain."

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